

THE PÁLMATRÉ CHRONICLES

CAT CAY



Suddenly the ground shuddered. "What's going on?" Esther cried out.

"Hurricane!" Frankie shouted.

"Uh, guys?" I asked nervously. "I just felt a drop of water..."

The ground shuddered again. Then a loud crack split the air like a gunshot as the glass dome broke and the water flooded in. All of us ran away, but we went the wrong direction in the darkness. I could only cry out before the ocean reached us and we were swept away, unconscious.

I awoke on a beautiful island covered in Palm trees and white sand beaches. I could hear the vaguest sound of music. My bandana was soaked, and it rested on my neck uncomfortably. At least it was still there.

Esther and Frankie were nowhere in sight. I wandered across the hot sand toward the sound of the music in the distance.

What I came upon shocked me. I saw a small hut with what you call a radio in it, and all around were a bunch of humans. Also, in the midst of the action, was Esther. Everyone was admiring her neon orange coat and the white stripe down her back that almost looked like a horse's mane. She was sitting there, looking proud, with her tail lightly swishing behind her. Most humans think this means that the cat is unhappy, and some of the time that is true. Esther will also swish her tail when she is happy. It is almost her way of dancing.

"Esther!" I called out. She snapped her head over at me.

"Lhasa! Where's Frankie?" She asked. Then the humans noticed me.

"Awww! What a cute siamese!"

"Look at her bandana!"

"She looks soaked!"

Suddenly a girl about twelve years old ran in, grabbed Esther and me, and ran back out. From over the girl's shoulder, I could see all of the humans yelling at the girl.

"Hey!"

"Bring that kitten back!"

The girl kept running until we got to a hut with a door made of sticks and vines. It didn't look sturdy, but the girl pushed it open and quickly latched it behind her. On the other side of the door was a complex design of latches and bolts. The girl flipped a switch and all of the bolts slid into place as all of the people from the village slammed against the door. For a few minutes, they pounded on the door, demanding the girl to open it. She didn't say anything, and soon they went away.

"Sorry about that, guys," she told us. "By the way, I'm Lydia." Lydia wore a burgundy sweater that went down to her ankles that was buttoned all the way up. She had black hair and green eyes.

Her hut was bigger than it let on. There were three rooms. The biggest one, which we were in, had a table and some items for making food. It also had a huge cushy thing that I think is called a couch.

"Come in here," Lydia called to us. We followed her into the third room. It was totally decked out with toys to play with, ropes hanging from the ceiling, and three fuzzy beds. It took me a moment to realize that one of the beds had a lump in it covered with a blanket. I cautiously crept towards it.

"Careful." Lydia reached out her hand in front of me. Then she gently lifted the blanket to reveal a sleepy Blue Moon kitten with purple eyes. He raised his head groggily. "What.. Lhasa! Esther!"

"Frankie!" We both said at the same time.

"Oh, good, you know each other." Wait a minute, I thought. Humans can't understand cats!

“Alright, I guess I have some explaining to do.”

She led us to the couch and sat down. She latched her hands together in her lap.

“From the moment I was born, I have always been able to understand cats. Whenever there are any new cats on the island, I will capture them and help them learn survival skills, for the island does have some not so nice people and animals. If you are to stay here, you will need to learn to defend yourselves.”

“How can you teach us?” Esther asked, anxious.

“Well, I have never been normal. Everyone made that clear to me. So I built this hut with the most secure things I could find from the mainland about 20 miles away. For instance, the door looks like a regular stick door, but it has all of those bolts on the inside, and the door itself is made of steel. The only power I have is understanding cats, and that is everything to me. But I also have some secrets. Tomorrow I will show you around the jungle, and I can help you get your bearings.”

Then Lydia gently stretched out her hand to the ground and invited us to climb on. She carried us back to our room and snuggled us in the warm beds. I quickly fell asleep.

In the morning, I was second to wake up. Esther was already awake, while Frankie was snoozing soundly. Lydia noticed that I was awake. She walked in and gently pulled back the blanket on Frankie’s bed. She scooped up the sleeping kitten and gently woke him. He looked up with a groggy expression on his face.

“All right, it is time for me to introduce you to the sights of Cat Cay.”

Lydia quickly ducked into her room. She came out with three small boxes. She gave one to each of us. Inside was cloaks like Lydia’s for all of us. Frankie’s was a dark blue, Esther’s was yellow, and mine was red.

They fit snugly on us, and inside of each was a sheath with an iron sword in it. The swords hardly weighed anything, so it was easy for us to lift them and use them.

As Lydia opened the door, I heard a strange noise. Suddenly one of the villagers that I had seen last night ran into the house with a pointy stick in hand. Lydia's expression didn't change the whole time. In a split second, she unbuttoned her coat, unsheathed a sword from underneath, and sliced the stick down to the guy's hand. Then she pointed the sword at him. He stood there in shock for a moment and then ran. Lydia turned around and smiled grimly at us.

"Well, come on. What are you waiting for?" We followed her out the door and into the jungle. It was full of huge tall trees and vines that I desperately wanted to swing and climb on, but I didn't as to make a good example in front of Lydia. I followed her through the jungle and past many holes that I would have loved to climb in.

We walked up to another hut like the one Lydia lived in. "I'd like you to meet someone," she told us with a hint of mischief in her voice. She pressed her palm on the door and it swung open.

"Meet Autumn." Inside was a female Bengal cat. She was full grown. But the coolest thing was that she had wings. They were two feet on each side and she could tightly tuck them behind her back. "Autumn's mom was a Bengal cat, and her father was a hawk. She was born with tiny wings, and everyone considered her an outcast. Then some mean cat set her on a raft in her sleep and she ended up here. I took her in and trained her, and now she can train you." Lydia smiled and reached down to stroke us and Autumn. Then she left. As she went back, she didn't look back. Over the days, Autumn trained us. She turned out to be a very kind and caring cat, and she trained us well. Somehow our beds from Lydia's house got into Autumn's cottage.

We told Autumn our story and how we got there. We mentioned once or twice that we wanted to go back sometime, but autumn never made any move to help us get back. She was happy with us here. Life could be worse. We now live on a beautiful island with a cat and a girl helping protect us. What could happen?